

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 25, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. March 25th, My darling Alec:

No more letters from you, and no news worth writing about, but I suppose you still want something. Elsie is getting on, slowly. The doctor says she is better every day, but I do not think she feels quite as well each day. The confinement is beginning to tell on her, but I only wonder that it has not done so before. The throat the doctor says is pretty well today, but the diphtheria still lingers in the nose where it is hardest to reach. She complains today of difficulty of breathing, but the doctor seems to attach no importance to this. I think it rather strange that he confines himself so entirely to the throat and makes no examination of the bowels, urine or heart, both of which most surely be more or less affected, or at least in danger of being affected as he says that there is danger of such complications after diphtheria. Elsie is sitting up in bed all the time, she never seems to need to lie down and her strength seems very well maintained.

There I have told you all there is to tell. With Daisy away I have nothing to take my thoughts from the sick room except dressmaking, and in that you are not interested, and planning our next movements, and that is about as vain as speculations on the philosophers stone. I want to go to Paris, but do not see when I can go. I cannot leave Elsie while any diphtheria remains, and I shall be afraid to go after she is up and about. I am about decided to sail from Genoa, but when I do not know.

Daisy is having a good time at Leghorn, Miss Fanny Clark 2 wrote that she took Daisy to the cemetery where her mother is buried, and that after helping her arrange flowers on her mother's grave she wandered off picking daisies, her flower you know, and placed them on all the lonely neglected graves she saw. I think Daisy is full of just such sweet,

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graceful, gracious ideas, and that she is growing very attractive. Don't you think so? I wonder whether you will be able to answer this. Oh dear I wish you were here. Perfect days succeed perfect days, and here are Elsie and I prisoners unable to get the full good of them.

Mr. McCurdy seems to be having a hard time finding your jacket. He has traced it to the University, but Mr. Minchin won't take any trouble to find it, although I wrote to him myself what I thought was an extremely nice note saying that I was sure that the sympathy uniting two scientific experimentors would make him realize your anxiety to recover your apparatus and do all he could to aid you. Mr. McCurdy says he hasn't. Miss Clark has not yet given us her answer. We want her very much for she suites us all so well, and I am sure will have such a good influence over the children.

I really haven't anything more to say, so goodbye until next time. How are you really?

Always yours, Mabel. I have written Dr. Putnam thanking him for his prompt reply to my cable and asking him to call again and see that you are all right, I haven't the least faith in your taking care of yourself and wish I were with you.